

16 Behowld, thee 'rt feer, my beloved, iss, pleasunt:
also our bed es green.

17 The baims of our house es çaidar, and our raafers
of fir.

CHAP. II.

I'M th' rooase of Shaaron, and th' lily of th' valleys.

2 Like th' lily 'mong thorns, so es my love 'mong
th' dafters.

3 Like th' apple-tree 'mong th' trees of th' wud, so
es my beloved 'mong th' sons. I sot down onder hes
shadda weth g'eat delight, and hes fruit wor sweet to my
taaste.

4 He broft me to th' banqueting house, and hes
banner ovver me wor love.

5 Stay me weth flagons, cumfurt me weth apples:
for I'm sick of love.

6 Hes lift hand es onder my head, and hes right
hand do embraace me.

7 I charge 'ee, Aw you dafters of J'rusalum, by th'
roes, and by th' hinds of th' field, that you waan't steer up,
nor 'waake my love, tell he do plaise.

8 The vooice of my beloved! behowld, he do come
laipin' 'pon the mount'ins, skippin' 'pon th' hills.